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"L" STRIKE PROSPECTS.

A tie-up of the "L" lines would be in the nature of a public calamity, and the growth of a spirit of angry and obstinate resentment among the men as the outcome of their negotiations with the Interborough managers cannot but be viewed with grave disquiet.

The occurrence of a strike which would force the "L's" million passengers to seek the already overcrowded surface lines for accommodation would demoralize transit to an extent that would work very serious harm to business. The mere possibility of such a contingency is to be regarded with apprehension.

The happy solution of the questions at issue between the road and its men last April was so marked a victory for common sense that to break off negotiations now by the issue of ultimatums on either side would be a reversion to obsolete arguments of force. It would be a distinct step backward the taking of which would undo much of the good that has been gained by the better methods of compromise and arbitration.

In the event of a strike the city will be apt not to discriminate about causes in visiting its displeasure on both parties to the disagreement. Its discomfort will not incline it to distinguish between the offending party and the offended.

It will feel that it has been put to serious inconvenience by the failure to exercise proper and well-reasoned means to avert this threatened calamity.

THE RAILWAY REDUCTIONS.

The prospective discharge by the Pennsylvania road of trainmen and other employees to the number of 7,000 is an act of retrenchment of so great moment as naturally to provoke inquiry as to its cause. The Erie road recently decided to discontinue the services of 500 men. The Vanderbilt lines have begun reductions which when completed will have brought about the discharge of between 2,000 and 3,000 shop employees and round-house laborers. Similar reductions of force contemplated on the Southern Pacific and on other Western and Southwestern roads imply a general movement of economy throughout the railway world.

It is observable that the roads thus economizing in wages have been passing through an almost unexampled period of prosperity. The Erie's net earnings for 1933 over 1932 showed an increase of \$6,060,223. The New York Central's increase was \$3,745,550, the Pennsylvania's for 1932 over 1931, \$7,171,637. The expansion of business which has earned these large additions of income would seem to point to the need of more rather than fewer employees.

THE STOCKHOLDER'S RISK.

The public has recently been well enlightened as to the risk the investor runs in buying the securities of over-capitalized stock companies, which within a short time (in the Shipbuilding Trust case before the expiration of a year), will be quoted at ruinously low rates. The corresponding risk run by the stockholder in a merged concern in surrendering his stock in exchange for the new securities is indicated by the developments of the International Mercantile Marine merger, the Ship Trust.

When the trust was formed it acquired control of the Atlantic Transport Company, a "cattle-ship" line well known to ocean travellers for its moderate rates for satisfactory accommodations. It now appears that stock in this line was then held at \$285 a share, but that today the securities given in exchange for it are quoted at less than \$75!

The seller of original stock must, it seems, be on his guard as vigilantly as the buyer of the new issue if he is to avoid the kind of transaction which in high finance may be designated by some euphemistic term in the promoter's vocabulary, but which in humble business life is plain bunco.

WOMEN AND THE LAW.

The number of women lawyers, though every year sees their increase, is still so small as to be relatively insignificant. How large their practice has grown to be must remain a matter of vague speculation. No doubt even their own sex, with feminine partiality, prefer to intrust legal business to men as having larger experience if not capacity.

One of the features of the opening of the Woman's Law Class of the New York University was the reading of a letter from Miss Helen Gould, a graduate, in which she dwelt on the value of a legal education for women.

The value is undoubted. A little learning may be a dangerous thing, but unquestionably a little law is better for the feminine mind than none at all. It is likely to be of particular value to the business woman and there is no reason why she should not regard a smattering of it as acquired along with stenography or book-keeping as a valuable commercial asset. The main principles of business law are not difficult of acquirement and the intellectual grasp which the ordinary college girl shows in the higher academic studies has proved how capable the feminine brain is of mastering mental tasks which man once in his ignorance thought too difficult for her.

Even a slight legal training would give the woman thus advantaged a better standing in her profession or trade, a firmer self-reliance and a more practical point of view from which to form her judgments of business or financial questions.

It might alone prove worth its while in giving her a sounder understanding of investments.

A SICK MAN'S WORK.

The ruling passion strong in death had an illustration in the aged inventor, Gordon McKay, who in his last hours, feeble and tortured with disease, constructed a miniature elevator of improved design. The man who at twenty was devising improvements for locomotives and a few years later originating the machine which emitted a tax from every one who wore factory shoes, busy with invention at eighty-four!

Disease has never been a bar to achievement. Watt worked out his steam engine in the intervals of attacks of headache that were so violent as to incapacitate an ordinary man. Wolfe planned the capture of Quebec while in the grip of an ailment that would soon have brought an end to his life which the French bullet anticipated. The sickly man in all times has accomplished a quantity of work. Whatever may be the merits of McKay's last invention, the fact that it was perfected on a sick-bed two years after the doctors had condemned him to die is notable.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Puts on the Gloves with Miss Sixfoot's Undersized Brother and Meets with an Uppercut He Didn't Know Was There.



THE HOLIDAY THAT FAILED.

And Why the Vacation Was Not All It Promised.

It was McIntyre's vacation time. He was tired and wanted a real rest. So he and Mrs. McIntyre resolved to make it a tete-a-tete outing and to leave the three children in charge of their grandparents.

"It will be like old times," prophesied McIntyre. "You and I can loaf around the woods and beach together without having the responsibility of having to look after the kids. It'll be a care-free, jolly trip."

It was. Or would have been but for two things. First, they both bought new clothes for the trip. Second, Mrs. McIntyre has the misfortune to look young.

They reached their destination, which bore the quaint Indian name of Soken-Board's Inn, on Mt. Chagrin. At the station the porter helped them into the 'bus ahead of every one else, whistling and tune as he did so. The tune seemed vaguely familiar to both. The bellboy at the hotel hummed the same air as he brought them ice water. At the table, while every one smiled benevolently, no one engaged them in talk.

Rice croquettes were passed and a vague grin swept over the whole room. The waiter, under his breath, crooned a certain song. It was the ditty affected by porter and bellboy.

"Must be the latest popular song," commented McIntyre. "I seem to have heard it before, though."

"Dear, is there anything the matter with my hair or my clothes?" queried Mrs. McIntyre in a whisper. Every one seems to be looking at us."

The dining-room orchestra broke forth into music, and a simultaneous guffaw arose from twenty points of the hall. By an odd coincidence it was the air that seemed so suddenly popular.

"Wish I could remember what that song is," observed McIntyre as they left the table and strolled out on the piazza. "Wait! There's a boy who has just begun singing it at sight of us. Let's see if we can't catch the words."

Madly off key the boy's voice soared heavenward.

"They were on their honeymoon. And they had no chance to spoon. But—" The McIntyres stared at each other aghast. Then they laughed.

But before two days had passed they found it was no laughing matter. Stray bunches of white roses tied with white satin ribbon found their way mysteriously to their plates. Their progress to and from their seats in the dining-room was attended by orchestral selections from "Lohengrin" and Mendelssohn. A contralto at the Friday night concert sang "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," and ninety chins rested on ninety shoulders to see how the McIntyres took it. One deaf old lady acquired the habit of meeting them in a crowd and saying in a fog-horn voice:

"My dears, this is the happiest time of all your lives." and then toddling off before they could think of a come-back. They stood it for three horrible days. Then they despatched the following seventy-cent telegram to Mrs. McIntyre's mother:

Send the children to us at once. Send all three of them. And any more that may come. We need them in our business. We need them in our business. We need them in our business. MAC.

A. P. T.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Yes, by Passing Examinations.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a recruit entering the United States Army as a common soldier rise to the rank of general without attending West Point? JAMES H. BURNS.

Yes. At Madison Ave. and 43d St. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there a Women's Exchange in New York? If so, where? C. S.

"You" is the Correct Term. To the Editor of The Evening World: In speaking to two or more persons which is correct: "You" or "ye" (if either), as in the sentence "When you were there?" M. and A.

Directly After Midnight. To the Editor of The Evening World: When does morning start? R. Saturday.

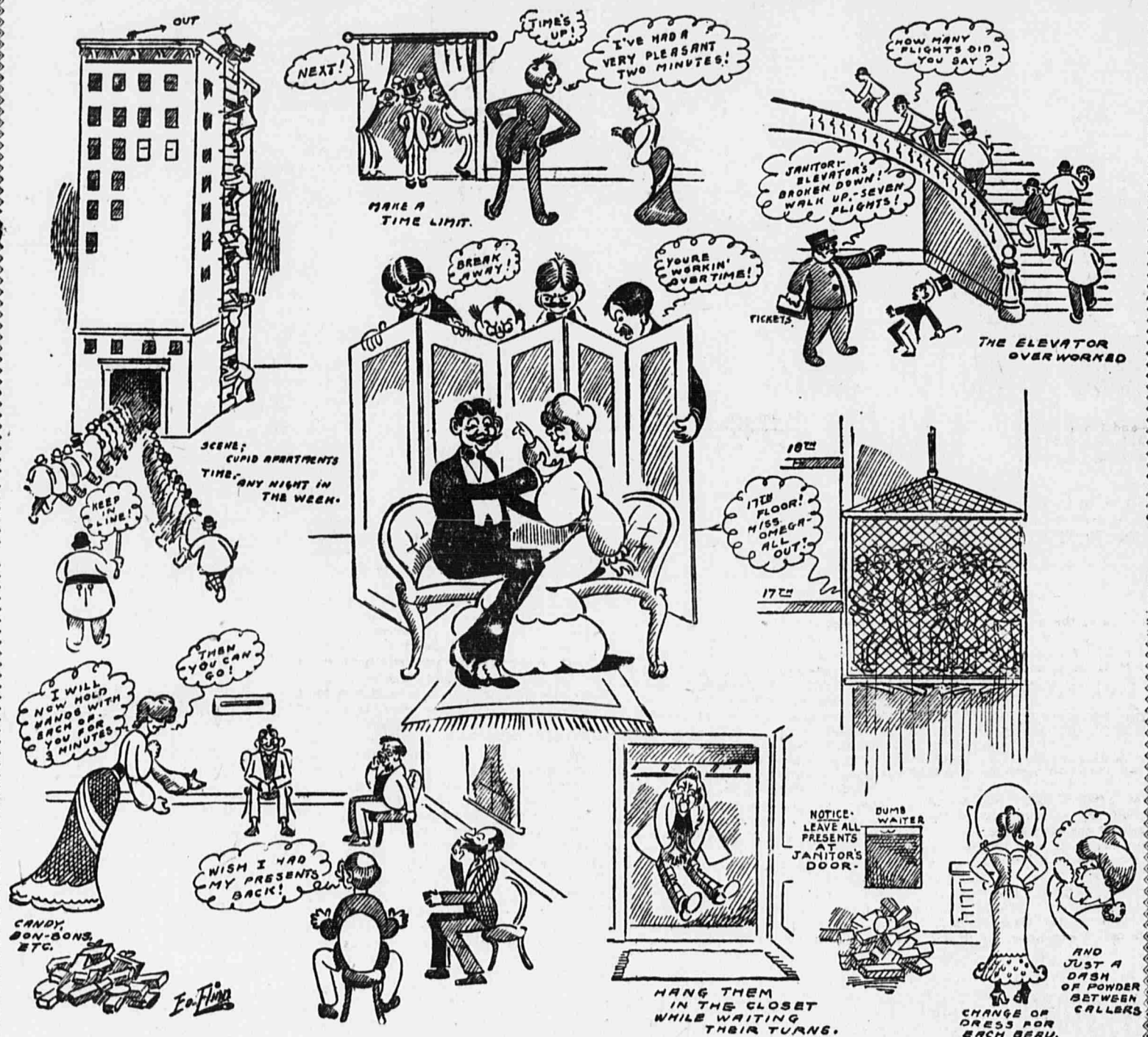
To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day did the 5th of May, 1591, fall? JOHN McC.

No. To the Editor of The Evening World: Should a white vest be worn while in mourning for a parent five months dead? JOHN A.

Yes, at Bureau of Vital Statistics. To the Editor of The Evening World: Do all marriages have to be recorded, and where are they recorded if they are performed in this city? A. M.

A GIRL IS ENTITLED TO ALL THE BEAUX SHE CAN GET.

A Chicago Girl Says So and It May Make Beau-Accommodating Flats and Dwellings Necessary.



"I will have just as many young men come to see me," said a Chicago maiden whose brother tried to put a stop to the multiplication of her sweethearts, "as I want to. I do not see why he should have objected when I only had four 'steady,' and then one or two more who come to see me 'occasionally.'"

Weather Wise and Other Lies.

The Forty-niner Recalls a Spell of Hot Weather that Proved Profitable.

WEATHER'S changing again, I see," said the Sparrow Cop as the Oldest Inhabitant and the Forty-Niner took their accustomed places on the end bench.

"Yes, it's gittin' kinder warm agin," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "Talkin' 'bout changin' weather, though, guess I made 'bout as quick a change as there is on record once when I was whalin' on the Mary Jane out o' Bedford. We struck a whale up in th' Artic sea one day when it was so cold that yer breath froze an' fell in chunks at yer feet. 'Stead o' soundin', as most whales do, this one struck off toward th' south like chain lightning. 'Twas all we could do to keep th' boat stiddied, an' th' whale went so fast that th' prow thru a wave more'n a hundred feet high on each side. Well, sir, in just two days that whale towed us clear from th' Artic sea to th' equator, an' I s'pect we'd be goin' yet only he struck a spot where the sun was so hot that th' water was bollin' an' th' dern whale was cooked to death."

"That was purty warm weather," allowed the Forty-niner, "but I seed some weather once on the San Juan Mountains that was warmer than that. It was so dern warm up o' th' San Juan that th' gold, which was plentiful there, all melted an' run down the side o' th' mountain. We seed it a-comin', an' my partner an' me was cag trenches 'adin' a big hole right by our cabin, an' let the gold run inter that. The hot spell lasted 'bout two hours, an' when th' gold got cool 'nough t' handle we found that we'd cleaned up jess \$26,547.53 'thout ever doin' a stroke more 'n jess diggin' th' trenches."

The Sparrow Cop took off his helmet and wiped his brow as he strolled away, and the Oldest Inhabitant said he guessed he'd go home to breakfast.



Lady—But you promised if I gave you the beefsteak you would do some work.

Dusty—Well, didn't I do some work when I chewed such a tough steak as that?



Mrs. Bug—My! How am I going to sew a button on my husband's trousers with this—

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Tommy—Say, Johnny, what's a mathematical impossibility? Johnny—I guess it must be a sum that the teacher can't do.

Teacher—When does the element of fire confer a benefit on mankind? Willie—When the amount of insurance exceeds the value of the property destroyed.

Elmer—Let's play managerie, Minnie. Minnie—All right. Now's it played? Elmer—I'll pretend I'm a monkey and you feed me your cake.

Teacher—How many parts of speech are there, Freddy? Freddy—There ain't no parts in our house, 'cause when ma gets started her speech is the whole thing.

"Now, Bobby," said the mother, who was entertaining company, "you mustn't talk when I'm talking."

"But, mamma," protested Bobby, "then I'll have to wait till you are asleep."

City Aunt—Yes, I loved poor Fido so much that when he died I had him stuffed and put in this glass case where I could see him.

Country Nephew (aged five)—And when you die, auntie, is Uncle George going to have you stuffed, too?—Chicago News.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

THE LATEST STYLE. Jenkins—Have you a typewriter at your office? Jinks—Yes indeed! Jenkins—What style? Jinks—Oh, the very latest. You should see the new fall gown she's wearing these days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MORE FUN IN IT. Although a soft answer may turn away wrath, there are times when one derives more satisfaction from calling a man a liar.—Philadelphia Record.

A CORRECTION. "Ah wus mos' runned ober by a aut-mobily. De conductor didn't blow his horn."

"Don't say conductor, my chile. De conductor is on de trolley car. Gaint you learn to say chiffoinier?—Kansas City Journal.

NUCLEUS FOR A SHOW. Manager—I'm going to start a comedy company on the road in a couple of weeks.

Critic—What's the play? Manager—Oh, I haven't written that yet, but I heard a good joke to-day that we can use in it.—Philadelphia Press.

TAKE EASIER COURSE. "Nature," said the traveller who was admiring the view, "is allus superior to art."

"Dat's what I says," rejoined Mr. Erasmus Finkley. "I never could see de use of tryin' to build flyin' machines when you kin raise chickens."—Washington Star.

UP TO D. T. TERMS. "Why is it doctor," she asked, "that so many men are having nervous prostration nowadays? It didn't used to be so."

"No. The doctors, in their course, unassuming ways, used to call a good deal of it cellulitis tremens."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Higher Up.

Hard Times Cannot Be Sidestepped.

"SEE that the Pennsylvania Railroad is going to lay off 7,000 men," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"It's a sign of the good times," said The Man Higher Up. "The times are so good that the railroad people can't see any reason why men should work. You'll see a lot of other big concerns laying off men pretty soon. The country has overplayed itself. A big steel plant out West shut down a couple of days ago because the railroads have been cancelling orders for rails. When the railroad managers begin to play their hands close to their chests it is time for the small people in the industrial games to cash in."

"We've been hearing a whole lot about good times for the last year or two and times have been good—for some people, but you won't find many men who have to work for a living whose bank accounts are any more copulent. There was a time when we considered that bad times were due to the crops going shy, but that theory has been exploded. Maybe they are due to spots on the sun or a shift in the time-table of the constellations. About all we know of them is that they come around with more or less regularity and stick until the people get tired of them."

"Good times make everybody reckless. When a poor man sees big winners blowing themselves he trails along with his little pile and keeps himself just as close to a shoestring as he would be if he wasn't doing half so well. Money gets into circulation in volumes and the natural money-getters get busy."

"These natural money-getters own banks and trust companies, and in the course of time they accumulate all the change, loose and otherwise. The first thing we know we are up against a scarcity of dough, and a scarcity of dough frames up a realization that there is going to be something doing in the deficit line."

"Wise guys are smelling hard times right now. All those people you see coming to New York from the West and blowing themselves like intoxicated mariners are laying out the cash like they were making it in private mints. They are going back more or less broke, and it is cased out that when they start after the bundle next year it will look something like a Missouri roll, which is a dollar bill wrapped around a corn cob."

"When hard times do come this town is going to get a smash in the solar-plexus that will be felt from Coney Island to the Yonkers line. Rents were never so high, provisions were never so high and people were never letting go of their pazaz with such easy, boisterous cheerfulness. Some of these days the natural law of supply and demand will put on the air-brakes and the era of universal touch will set in."

"The country and the world at large need just so much outlay for repairs and building up every so often. While this outlay is being made money is easy and times are good. But after a while the repairs and building up are completed and there is no more use for outlay. It begins to look as though we were close to the finish of the job for this period."

"Well," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "if the hard times come we can console ourselves with the assurance that good times will follow."

"Sure," answered The Man Higher Up. "The trouble is that consolation is not legal tender."

Pointed Paragraphs. Some men are too busy to grow old. A man is apt to feel put out when he is taken in. If a liar owns a dog there is no earthly hope for him. A girl likes to listen to soft nothings when they mean something.

Never meddle with a hornet or a man who is minding his own business. Every cloud may have a silver lining, but every overcoat hasn't a silk lining.

The season is approaching when the piano cover will have to do a stunt as a quilt.—Chicago News.

Love. HITCHED my "wagon to a star." And, oh! it carried me afar. Up beyond all earthly ground It carried me around and 'round. From north to south, from east to west I saw the highest and the best. Above, below, afar and near, O'er continent and hemisphere, And high and low and round about We travelled, winding in and out.

I weighed each blessing and each curse That agitates the universe. Her treasures, riches, jewels fair, I weighed impartially and fair. Her follies, wisdom and her joys, Her music, art and other toys I measured well. They simply prove What bids the universe to move, The strongest power below, above, Is just old-fashioned, simple Love.

CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.